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—John C. Cort

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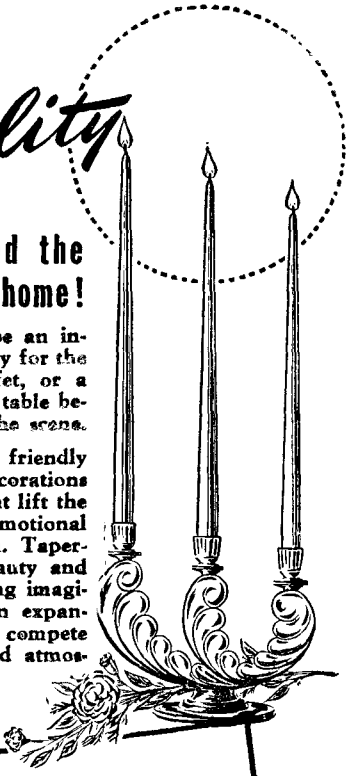

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S ADDRESS

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S first address to the eighty-fifth Congress was of historic significance. Of this there can be no doubt. Yet the address can completely satisfy only those who bring wholehearted personal allegiance to the President. For what the President enunciated in his discussion of the Middle East was both more and less than had been anticipated and desired. The situation was grave, the world was attentive, the President was eloquent and his requests were broad. Why then, in retrospect, does the occasion seem oddly anticlimactic and even unfinished? It is probably because an analysis of the address shows that the President presented a clear recognition of Middle East problems, a firm intention to grapple with them, but no clearly formulated policy.

The present tensions in the Middle East derive, the President said, from its geographic position between the East and the West; its vast economic resources upon which many countries, primarily Western, have so long depended; the difficult struggle for independence by nations long under Western authority; the instability of power after the withdrawal of that authority; and the efforts of Soviet rulers to control the Middle East through international Communism.

The President then emphasized and developed implications of a fact which critics of our foreign policy say he has too long ignored—the growing strength of Communism in the Middle East. The President made clear, in sharp terms, that it is this growing power his plan would oppose. Nor would the motives of the United States be suspect, he suggested, since it strongly objected, as did no other major country, to the hostilities in both Egypt and Hungary.

Having thus stated the position of the United States in regard to the problems of the Middle East, he suggested a basis for United States policy. The two strong props were, not surprisingly, economic and military aid. In the effort to foster peace and encourage greater independence among nations of the Middle East the President suggested four steps; 1) extended economic aid, 2) military defense assistance, 3) the employment of United States forces in the protection of "nations requesting such aid against overt armed aggression from any nation controlled by international Communism," 4) authorization for the President to employ present and additional security act funds without existing limitations.

THESE SUGGESTIONS are neither as new nor as bold as his audience had been led to expect. The "newest" and "boldest" feature is that he depended upon his prestige and popularity to ask that the power to implement the proposals be left to his discretion. What will actually shape the President's "policy," what will give it form and substance, is the confrontation of future events with the President's discretion.

The address is primarily significant, it is clear, because it is a declaration of intention. The United States is prepared to resist the threatening forces of international Communism in the Middle East. As the President pointed out in his concluding remarks, this involves "certain burdens and risks for the United States." Part of these risks and burdens the President had tried to lighten when he said that our country would work through the United Nations where this was feasible. The other burdens are those we necessarily accepted when we came to be a world power. It is not the least virtue of the President's address that these are clearly acknowledged.

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There were, however, in the President's address more limitations than he himself suggested. He did not, for instance, approach the thorny relations of Israel and her Arab nations, relations which have never been stable and reveal no present signs of improving. And he suggested only obliquely the very real collapse of French and English power in the Middle East. If he used all the resources which he requested, the United States would not yet be in a position to fill the void left by the withdrawal of our Western allies. He did not, in other words, deal with the necessary shifting of power and responsibility among the free nations of the Western World. Furthermore, the powers he requested would rest in the Executive office, and many who would be content to see them exercised by President Eisenhower would not wish to have them passed on to a successor. Support of the President's proposals must, therefore, be seriously qualified by the limitations within which he framed them.

The address itself can be seen as a symbol of the position of the United States in the present world. It asserts strength without complete definition. It recognizes the moral responsibilities of this strength. And, accepting its responsibilities, it forms its policy reluctantly in the path of onrushing events. The reception of the address can only be mixed. It is supported without enthusiasm, because it does have real though limited merits and, need it be added, because nothing better has yet been proposed.

CLAMPING DOWN THE LID

WHETHER the Khrushchev-Malenkov pressure in Budapest or growing government self-confidence was uppermost, the promised Kadar statement to the Hungarian people appeared without important concessions to popular demands. Whatever confidence there was must necessarily have been limited to the regime's ability to maintain order through its new security forces and the continuing presence of Russian tanks and troops. It did not mean that students and workers are any less adamant in their opposition to the Soviet-imposed authorities; in fact, a new general strike is in preparation should dismissal of Hungarian workers from their jobs become too wholesale.

Nor would Mr. Kadar's apparent confidence reflect any extended support for the new official Socialist Workers' Party or the equally Communist "Patriotic Front." In a nation of nine millions a two-months drive, with all the pressures and blandishments at the dictatorship's disposal, has resulted in barely a hundred thousand Hungarian members in the Party. It hardly rests on viable economic prospects, either, as the havoc caused by the uprisings was so extensive and lack of fuel for homes and factories has become so desperate that thousands of white-collar workers are being drafted for the coal mines. At the same time Budapest has even made the gesture of seeking economic and technical aid from the West—emphasizing that such badly needed aid would not be acceptable if political conditions were attached. Hungary has also admitted four UN representatives to look into its economic and relief needs, but concealed their visit from the people.

The demands of the Hungarian patriots are almost wholly ignored in the Kadar statement. Russian tanks and troops are to remain. Opposition parties are not to be represented in the government. "Leninist" centralization of industrial enterprise is to be continued and made more efficient. Foreign trade will continue to be a monopoly of the State. Agriculture will be dominantly collectivized. Aside from a vague promise of some future plan for improving living conditions and of religious instruction in the schools, the dictatorship shows itself to be totally unyielding. It seems to feel entrenched enough to depend on naked force.

For the time being, then, the heroism of the Hungarian rebels has not brought about a more tolerable existence for compatriots in their homeland. But it has dealt a severe blow to the common enemy, alienating sympathy, and even tolerance, for the Soviets among many peoples. The Hungarian patriots have thereby hastened the day of liberation in their own and other lands. For those who rule by force alone, a day of reckoning is inevitable.

NEXT WEEK

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON writes about Education and the State.

"Modern society was inevitably committed to something of the kind [the views of John Dewey] as soon as it abandoned the purely utilitarian conception of education which was characteristic of the English Radical reforms in the early nineteenth century. Henceforward universal education ceased to be considered as a means of communicating learning and became instead an instrument for creating a common mind."

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TIGHT MONEY

FOR NATIONS that are economically weak or weakened, inflation is often a chronic condition. The Latin American nations readily come to mind. France and Britain have also been beset by it during the postwar years. Now the ill-starred Suez venture has greatly intensified the inflationary pressures they are under. And inflation is, of course, one of the ways in which the many nations trading with the productive United States attempt to meet an over-all gap of five billion dollars.

But boom conditions also carry their own inflationary dangers. Western Germany and the Dominion of Canada, along with the United States, would seem to be the most prosperous nations in the world today. All three are highly productive, and the economies of all three have been expanding rapidly in the last few years. All three are now threatened by inflation.

Restricting credit and raising the interest rate are the leading remedial devices. Here in the United States, where the pressure will be intensified by increased defense expenditures, tighter money has multiplied the difficulties of smaller businesses and individual borrowers. The total on loan has continued to rise, but the credit demands of many remain unsatisfied. When it not only costs a lot more to borrow money but also becomes extremely difficult to borrow at all, growing sentiment for relaxing credit curbs is certain to make itself felt in Washington. What is difficult is to convince people that "a little inflation" may not, after all, be a pretty good thing.

DEATH OF TWO MAGAZINES

THE WORD that both *Collier's* and the *Woman's Home Companion* were ceasing publication came just before Christmas. The news was not entirely unexpected; *Collier's* in particular had long been reported to be in trouble. Nevertheless, the shock when the end came was still great, and the publishing world has not got over it yet.

Unfortunately, *Collier's* and the *Companion* are not the first magazines to close, and they are unlikely to be the last. The same company had already closed down the *American* magazine, without much public attention; the publishers of *Farm Journal* shut down their *Town Journal* after the *Collier's-Companion* news broke, but little notice was taken of its passing, even though the magazine had what once would have been considered a very respectable circulation. And already rumors are circulating that two or three other big-name magazines will shortly suffer the same fate as *Collier's*. Prosperity, it seems, is going to kill more magazines than the depression did.

We ourselves were not among the readers of *Collier's,* and the editors are of the wrong sex for the *Companion*. But their passing saddens us, nonetheless, not only because of the employees who lost their jobs but because their end represents one more step toward the domination of the magazine field by a few giants. With the death of any magazine, the chances for airing diverse opinions on public affairs grow substantially less. In the newspaper field this process is already far advanced, and there may be no stopping it in the magazine field either. But as far as we can see, not many people are really trying very hard.

To the editors of a magazine like this one, the background facts in the *Collier's-Companion* case are frightening. Anyone familiar with publishing knows the pressure that had *Collier's* and the *Companion* in trouble; in recent years costs have been skyrocketing, and even magazines with circulations well into the millions, as both of these had, feel the pinch.

Serious magazines of opinion and criticism do not expect to do much more than just get by financially. For our part, each year we consider survival a major victory, and we are not alone in this. The circulation of journals of opinion is never more than a minute fraction of that of any of the giants, and it is achieved only the hard way. The *New Republic,* for example, announced recently that it would no longer be available on the newsstands—not from choice, but because the American News Company, which enjoys a virtual monopoly in this field, is interested only in mass-circulation ventures and refuses to carry the *New Republic* any longer, just as it had already discontinued carrying The Commonweal.

The serious magazines therefore face real trouble. They know what rising costs mean. But most of them are likely to survive, at least for a while, and none of them will go down easily. The men who put them out have something to say, and they will fight to keep on saying it, no matter what the balance sheet says. The fact that this spirit seems to have been missing in the *Collier's-Companion* closing seems to us the saddest and the most significant fact of the whole business.

Something important is disappearing from large sections of the American press. That something is the conviction that journalism is more than a busi-

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ness, even though it has to be run on a businesslike basis. Both *Collier's* and the *Companion* date back into the last century. In the past, each has had great editors and great writers associated with it. Both were closed down as if they were unprofitable concessions in a huge department store, with Paul C. Smith, president and chairman of the board, explaining to the newspapers that his primary duty in the situation was to protect the investment of the stockholders.

Given the framework within which Mr. Smith was operating, it is hard to argue with his decision. Our quarrel is with the framework. Rising costs could put an end to this or any other magazine, just as they did to *Collier's* and the *Companion*. But if newspapers and magazines are going out of business, our feeling is that they should be forced out and go down fighting. We do not think journalism should be run as if it were just another business, no different from manufacturing can-openers or selling shoes. And when magazines or newspapers are run that way, reports about their activities should properly come under the heading of merchandising, not journalism.

THAT ALL MAY BE ONE

ONCE AGAIN, Catholics in America will join Catholics throughout the world in observance of Chair of Unity Octave, an eight-day period of prayer "for the conversion of unbelievers and the reunion of Christendom."

For the Church this period of prayer renews the awareness of her ancient agony—the realization that most of the world's population is not, and has never been, Christian, and that even among Christians there is the scandal and sin of division, discord and distrust. Moved with sorrow, Catholics will repeat the high-priestly prayer of Christ that "all may be one."

But the occasion of Chair of Unity Octave calls for more than prayer on the part of Catholics; it calls for us to examine critically our attitudes and actions toward those outside the Church. We speak often of "our separated brethren," but many of us tend to act as though we were more mindful of the adjective than of the noun. Even worse, with tragic frequency Catholics speak and act as though our brothers were separated not only from Rome, but from reason and good will as well. What is gained, for example, when a columnist widely syndicated in the Catholic press, in discussing controversial movies, writes: "Some Protestants spoke out against 'drinking scenes' in films. Few had anything to say about movies in which sins of the flesh are alluringly exploited. During 1957, opportunists in the film industry will try to drive more deeply this wedge between Catholics and separated Christian followers. As Catholics, we still hold the balance of power if we choose rightly to use it. 1957 may grant us no easy victory, but if we stand solidly together . . . this year may bring us reassurance that ultimate victory lies with the forces of decency." What is gained when a Catholic diocesan paper says of the defense of "Baby Doll" by Elia Kazan and Tennessee Williams: "For this director and this author to set themselves up as authorities on what is and is not moral is brazen impertinence and an insult to our intelligence." Surely we can state and support an opinion without inveighing against those who do not share it; the language of bitterness and suspicion wars against that unity for which we pray. It is a poor substitute for charity.

But charity in dealing with those outside the Church must be genuine. It cannot be a mere tactic for winning converts. And if genuine, it will recognize and respect the relations between God and the individual human being. It is so convenient to ascribe all loss or lack of faith to a darkened mind or to a will unable to face up to the moral demands of Catholicism.

Such may well be obstacles to faith in some cases, but who can judge of them? Charity, which is clear-eyed, reminds us rather that a man may reject God and His Church because the representations, the manifestations of Both which we offer him may seem inadequate or distorted due to limitations, not of his mind or will, but of our own. How many Americans in our time, for example, have come to equate the Catholic Church with negation—"thought control," indifference to all civil rights but our own, and distrust of the human—because so many American Catholics, lay and clerical, have spoken and acted as though, in Catholicism, dogma were only a litmus to detect error, the concern for justice highly selective, and Original Sin more important than the Redemption.

Lastly, Church Unity Octave offers us a reminder that the tradition of American religious pluralism is probably more sympathetic to the witness than to the apologist. Such a situation reminds the Catholic of the riches of his faith, and urges him to share those riches with others. This will not be done by "crusades for converts" or by "declaring war on the forces of evil" (our frequent military metaphors betray us), but by approaching non-Catholics with respect, understanding and love.

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Sources of Humanism

"NOT ALL THE LIBERAL UTOPIAS OF THE CENTURIES DESTROY MAN'S UNUTTERABLE CERTAINTY THAT HE IS A CREATURE"

MICHAEL NOVAK

LIBERALS, WRITES Will Herberg, are essentially rationalistic, essentially idealistic, essentially utopian. The word "liberal" seems able to gather under its broad vague wing all those philosophies dedicated to progress, to new ideas, to some new Utopia.

Further, at the root of each variety of liberalism is an optimistic conception of man—a too-optimistic conception of man. And ironically, each of these liberalisms, dedicated to the freedom and power of the individual mind and will, ends with at least a leaning toward a subtle determinism. One listens, one after the other, to the liberal diagnoses of man's ills, and waits to hear the inevitable naming of a scapegoat—outside of man. "If only there were universal education, then reason would crown the world. If only man would realize that he is good. If only this (and this and this) did not interfere with his natural bent. Let us grant universal suffrage. Let us uplift the standard of material security. Let us abolish tariffs and private property; or let us have more—universally." The cause of man's unhappiness is never thought to lie in his own nature; it is in his education, his environment, his political rule, his economic practices.

None of these liberal ideals is wholly wrong, in spite of their mutual competition. Since the Renaissance the spirit of them has blown cool and fresh over the world, revivifying the dearest level of man's heart. But at the Renaissance what was "re-born"? Where did its spirit come from?

Really it seems that nothing was reborn, although the traditional answer has always been that it was the ancient classics, the Greek humanism (the very classics, the very humanism that perish as liberalism triumphs). For only a superficial reading of the medievals, from Augustine through Alcuin, Scotus Erigena, Abelard and Aquinas, shows that classical thought had never died, had perhaps never been so thoroughly assimilated, so close to heart and pen and deed. Medieval classicism was a humanism, plus Christ; it gave to classical humanism both new horizons and a new transcendence. The Renaissance bore no new life into the world. It was a re-limitation, a re-lowering of aspirations. It clamped an ancient confinement upon the world. Yet the intensification of man's concerns for this present life has brought, though with an inevitable human loneliness and restlessness, enormous good into our modern world. It has taught even Christian humanism a lesson; God works, in history, in mysterious ways.

It is to Plato, of all the Greeks, that liberalism, especially American liberalism, is most indebted. For the fire of American liberalism—of Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman, let us say—was drawn in great part from the German idealists, who had been nourished on Plato.

Small wonder, either, that Plato should captivate Emerson and Whitman. For Plato is an artist. Images of fire, of pure white and black steeds, of golden magnetic links, of streaming light and divine life—symbols of the goodness possible to the man of reason, of the ideal life for man and for society—flash from Plato's pages. Plato is idealistic; Plato is rationalistic; he is utopian. Plato is humanitarian and cosmopolitan; he is moralistic, yet a visionary, a mystic, a poet. He is an artist capable of inspiring new worlds.

With Rousseau, too, Plato has a strong connection. There, too, is vision of the life of reason, of the paradise possible to man. In Rousseau, too, fire was passed on to the American frontier, to burn across the prairies and then back East into the staid Lockean forests of our democracy.

ALL THIS seems to me vastly important for understanding the root problem of the new civilization that is struggling to be born from our transitional age. For Plato's answer to the question, "What is man?" has, I believe, influenced far more than we generally recognize, and in contradictory ways, all the progress of Western civilization.

For to Plato, man was good, a spark of the divine. He was made for the divine; he was made to rule the universe, to solve the world, to bring to birth a Republic of justice, simplicity and brotherhood, a government of reason and wisdom, here upon the shadow-

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ridden earth. And yet, in nearly everything Plato thought or wrote there was a duality, an ambiguity, a not quite resolved ambivalence. There were, in nearly every field of thought, opposites that he could not unite. If one were to describe his philosophy, it would be as a series of beautifully worded antitheses.

In his theory of knowledge, for example, there were the real world and the ideal; in that of being, material "shadows" and ideal universal beings; in that of human nature, there was the opposition—amounting almost to incompatibility—of body and soul; in that of politics, the contradiction between his ideal justice and free exertion of wisdom and will, and his police-state Republic.

A philosophy cognizant of so many vital tensions is bound to be fruitful and creative. But a philosophy unable at the same time to reconcile these tensions, to keep both ends of the antitheses rather than destroy one to the favor of the other, is bound to rock and careen through time, manifesting first one extreme then another.

Hence is explained the vast influence over the Christian world of that side of Plato that emphasized the beauty of the divine, the eternity and purity of the ideal world, the power of the soul over the dross and prisonhouse of the body. This influence was so enormous, I believe, as to justify the statement that the Christian Middle Ages was a Platonic-Christian culture, by no means a fully Christian one. Plato's influence upon it was, I believe, terribly baneful, and one reason for its eventual collapse. The lifework of Thomas Aquinas was to oppose this influence.

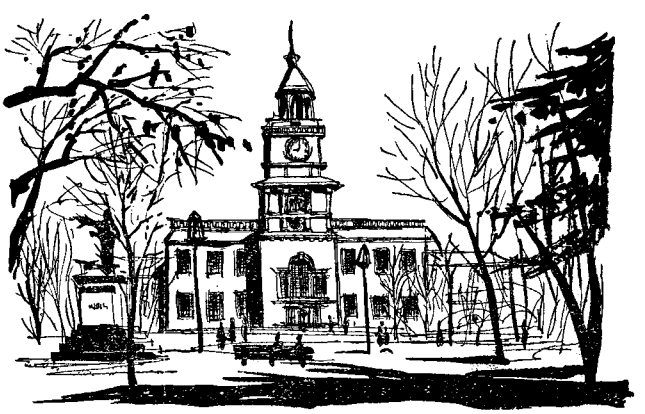
For Plato is not large enough to resolve the paradoxes of man and his world, though his mystical flights were admirably suited to be models for the first Christian attempts to rationalize their faith. St. Augustine admired Plato, but speedily parted company with him and treated him rather harshly in the *City of God,* eight centuries before Aquinas. Other Christians were not so perceptive. Plato's puristic ideas of God, his disdain of the body, his exaltation of community justice over the happiness of the individual, are exaggerations which soon worked their way, not into Christian doctrine, but into the sensibilities, the implications, the very coloring of early Christian asceticism and even politics, and thus entered into the heart of medieval culture.

THEN CAME the Renaissance, rebelling against these half-truths, not of Church doctrine, but of medieval culture. The walls of the Medieval City crumbled—deservedly perhaps; certainly through God's design. A new city had to be built; it would be a city exclusively of time, a city of Man. The ancient Greek hymn celebrating the divinity of man, the glory and beauty of man, the power of knowledge, the assumption of an ordered intelligible universe upon which to found a new science, captured the whole minds of men. It was a hymn once more without Christ to give it echoes into eternity.

And with the overthrow of Aristotle's Physics, Aristotle's recent supremacy among medievalists was overthrown, and Plato became once again the inspirer of the new civilization. For Descartes reintroduced the dichotomy between ideal and real, and the doctrine of innate ideas, with all its implications of perfection already within man, needing only to be discovered. And when Rousseau added to Plato's great conclusion that "Happiness lies in a life of wisdom" the note that man's natural instinct was toward wisdom, then the divine ideal that Plato had envisioned for man lost its divinity. Instinct was now no longer to be restrained by natural wisdom (the breath of the gods in us); it *was* natural wisdom.

Meanwhile, another strain of thought coming out of the Renaissance was Platonic in quite another way. For Calvin followed dreadfully close to Plato in his distrust of the body and individual liberty. The *mores* of New England theocracy constantly call to mind Plato's rebellion against art, against humanization—one is tempted to say incarnation—of the gods, and his enforced Spartan virtues and orthodoxy.

Nor did the conception of man and human nature in Catholic countries escape the perversions of Plato. Plato had made the battle for salvation a battle between matter and spirit, a battle between body and soul. Christ had not, although He had insisted on the primacy of the spirit and the weakness of the flesh. Nevertheless, in Catholic doctrine, Christ came to redeem our bodies too; our bodies are made holy, are meant to be the indispensable and many-graced instruments of our mind and will, by which we work out in concrete history and circumstance our eternal destiny. In this respect, Aristotelianism is worlds above Plato in building the natural basis for Christianity. And yet in the sensibilities of the Catholic Northern European nations, in the spiritual books of the Middle Ages



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on into the nineteenth century (and even, to some extent, today) one finds far more often the spirit of Plato, the virtues of Sparta, rather than the more doctrinally correct spirit of Aristotle, and the Athenian virtues which form the basis of the Thomistic moral synthesis. The Church has exorcized the excesses of Plato from her doctrine; most Catholic peoples have absorbed these excesses into their culture.

Thus in our own day we have the frustrating paradox that the cultural forces of both liberalism and conservatism (with which the Christian churches are usually linked) derive from one and the other of Plato's antitheses. The churches are identified with the anti-humanism of his Republic; the liberals stand for the divine spark that Plato perceives in man, for that creative possibility, that wisdom, that makes a man a man.

THE FRUSTRATING thing for the Catholic Church (yet perhaps it is a compliment and her surest temporal guarantee) is to be attacked by both sides. She stands condemned by her liberal contemporaries for Platonisms which she does not hold, and yet is painfully aware that historical Catholic culture has been, and is, guilty of these very Platonisms, in spite of the Church's explicit endorsement of St. Thomas and Aristotle. And she is condemned by Protestant Christians, not only for being too much "of" the world (which *is* the human failing, the betrayal), but also for being "in" the world, as a visible, incarnated Christ continuing in time. In our day of predominantly liberal thought she often stands condemned as "conservative" (with all the unfavorable connotations of the word) when in reality there is no creative possibility in man, no progress, no human wisdom, to which she cannot and does not subscribe, although she can never grant that these utopias can be achieved by man without God. And the "liberalisms" themselves, one after the other, fall into the Platonic trap: to dream of what men could be like, "if only. . .".

The Catholic humanist defines man differently than does the liberal, or the Calvinist. To the Calvinist, man is totally debased before God, never to be redeemed but only "covered," only "glorified by the mantle of Christ." (Many scholars have traced the progress of this idea, coupled with that of election, into a practical equivalent of one or another of the liberal optimisms.) To the liberal, man is, above all, intrinsically good, barred from utopian happiness only by this or that scapegoat of a circumstance, or by his own lazy, uninformed will.

But to the Catholic humanist, man is, above all things, strong in God, able to achieve any kind of progress, any dream of earthly happiness in God; but man is also weak, finite and very much alone. No one, nothing, in the universe quite exhausts all of his possibilities for knowledge and communion; nothing quite fills his capacity for love.

This experience of creatureliness, of loneliness, is what I believe the present liberal world is terribly aware of. I often wonder how positivists, how capitalists, how still youthfully hopeful liberals, can swallow the strong current of modern literature. Almost without exception, this literature cries out with the anguish of men alone, of men stifling under the blankets of earthly existence, of men yearning for communion and fulfillment. Hemingway, Wolfe, Camus, Kafka, Sartre, Katherine Mansfield, Joyce—where is a literature of "liberal optimism"? Are these artists betraying us into a "failure of nerve"? Are they seeing only the oppressive, un-liberalized areas of our modern life? It seems that one misses the point if one seeks in this art new scapegoats to stone, new injustices to eradicate—though there is a great deal of this in it. For it seems that the plea is much deeper, much more universal. It seems that in all of this art, whatever the particular antagonist, whatever the partial resolution, the *source* of anguish is the same. It seems that out of all of it arises one cumulative cry: "I wish to be fulfilled! I thirst!"

Thus, to the Catholic humanist, this literature is more than the pessimistic experiences of one age. It is the contribution of our age to the vital universal experience: man *is* alone, man *is* finite, transitoriness crushes him. Not all the liberal utopias of the centuries destroy man's unutterable certainty that he is a creature, and unable to endure that very finitude. No age perhaps has ever experienced this depth of human nature as poignantly as ours.

TO THE Catholic humanist, this experience is the beginning of wisdom. For once admit man's creatureliness, his restlessness, and then perceive that this restlessness springs from a greatness that man himself and all this world is unable to fill, and one has arrived at the Christian dynamic. One has experienced a tension that must never be released, has reached antitheses that must never be separated: man's nothingness and yet his capacity for all the infinity he can imagine. Man and God.

For the two are not separated as in Plato. God became man. God is not transcendent merely; He is incarnate. Nor is man's soul alone a divine spark; but, body and soul, man is made to attain God. Nor is Augustine's enormous awareness of the misery of earth, and the saints' bewailing of the wretchedness of human nature, any exaggerated attempt to glorify God by debasing man. Rather, Augustine, the Saints, Pascal, begin with the recognition of one end of our antithesis: with that experience of finiteness and restlessness, not necessarily with any wallowing in sin and

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wretchedness. Thus, even a virtuous man experiences this emptiness; it is not a sinfulness, exactly; it is an awareness of human distraction, of human selfishness and blindness to the ever-present, vivifying, divinizing God. It is the everlasting human *divertissement,* our forgetfulness of our infinitely deep aspirations, our yellowing, stuffy mediocrity: it is this limitation that the Renaissance ultimately bound upon us. When the Catholic humanist, therefore, talks about the misery of earth, he does not mean to say—against much evidence —that men are universally wretched sinners; but that human nature is universally tending away from God, tending to egoism and distraction, tending to seek infinite satisfaction in the ego—and is universally doomed, of itself, to the experience of the unfathomable aloneness, restlessness, unsatisfaction, of the finite mind and will: *L'enfer, c'est moi!*

Which conception of man shall win the coming civilization that already buds out of the confusion and labors and disunities of ours? From this point in time, there is no saying. One can only follow M. Maritain in believing that the optimism of men (who would be as gods) will not rest until a gigantic attempt—one greater or more prolonged than any ever seen—has been made to seize an absolute autonomy for man. Nor can a new Christian humanism triumph once for all, if one dares interpret the Apocalypse, until this vast assault is launched and, inevitably, fails.

Nor is there any time for wishing. There is no longer a lapse of centuries or decades between a philosopher's dreams and actuality. Already we can do far more than we know how; events and possibilities are years ahead of us; in our sleep enormous things have come to be. A Soviet Russia that has accomplished in two generations what took us five; a Far East that bids to accomplish it in one; the automatic factory; the atom bomb that fell eleven years ago—our thoughts are provincial where events are global; our anxieties are for a vague tomorrow when our imaginations cannot grasp today. A material world new by unimaginable proportions awaits an ordering by our wisdom, according as we conceive the destiny, the needs, the nature of man.

JAMAICANS IN BRITAIN

Exiles from the Caribbean

JOHN FIGUEROA

YOU ARE a West Indian, living in a basement flat in London. In the morning paper you notice that the Australian Government is offering to pay the passage of suitable immigrants to that country. From the advertisement it appears that Australia needs healthy, skilled, energetic men to help develop its country. Your wife, although English, would like to leave England. It's partly restlessness after her years in war service; it's partly because she thinks you have to work too hard for what you get; and it's also because she thinks—wrongly or rightly, who knows—that the old world is finished. She'd rather cast her lot, and yours and that of the children in the new world.

Under other circumstances, perhaps you would really think about taking up the Australian Government on its generous offer. But you know it would be no good. Despite the English wife, you have Negro blood in your veins, and Australians want to "keep *their* country white"—no Negro or Asiatic immigrants wanted.

Your mind wanders to Canada, and to the story about your uncle's chauffeur. Your father's brother had married a Belgian and so, unlike your father, kept his family white. In Jamaica he had a fine chauffeur and general handy man whose wife was a wonderful cook. When the Canadian cousins came back to Jamaica for a visit after fifteen years they took to Brown, the chauffeur. As soon as they got back to Canada they found Brown and his wife a splendid job with a wealthy, middle-aged couple who had been hoping for years to have a chauffeur and a cook. They agreed to give Brown and his wife a flat, to pay well and to pay passages to Canada. As Brown and his wife have British passports there should not be, you would have thought, much trouble to get them into Canada. But no such luck! Everyone knows that if the couple in question had been English, or Polish, that they would have had no trouble in getting in to settle in Canada. But this couple is Negro.

What about the States, then? The quota for Jamaica is one hundred per year for a population of nearly one and one-half million. The quota for Great Britain is so large that it is rarely filled, but then Great Britain is a "white country."

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No wonder then, you think, that the West Indians are now flocking to England. At least England will have them—unlike Canada, United States or Australia. And when you have heard Canadians and Americans salving their consciences by referring to incidents of race discrimination reported from England, you always feel like replying, "Well, at least our people get into England, overcrowded though it is."

THE TREK to England by West Indians has not reached anything like the proportions of the Puerto Rican movement to New York. The present population of the United Kingdom is fifty million. Before 1951 West Indian immigrants to the United Kingdom did not number more than one thousand per year; in 1952 and 1953 that figure had doubled. In 1954 there were ten thousand, and the estimated number who arrived in 1956 is twice that.

The causes of the movement of British West Indians, mostly Jamaicans, to England are complicated, but they are probably similar to the causes of the immigration of Puerto Ricans to the United States. In each case there is a "Mother Country" on the one hand, and on the other a comparatively poor and "overcrowded" country. For both West Indians and Puerto Ricans there is no other readily available big country to which they could go. The reasons for moving are a mixture of necessity, adventure, frustrated ambition, admiration for the larger country, a seeking after industrial skills and, once it gets underway, a sort of mass mimesis.

One of the factors in the new and large movement to England is certainly the McCarran Act, which has reduced West Indian immigration to the States to a mere trickle, but this is not all-important. Nor are the causes of the migration only economic. George Lamming, in *The Immigrants,* has explored extremely well the consciousness of a group of West Indians on the way to England. They are looking for "a better break," as one of them tries to explain it. But that "better break" does not only mean more money; it means also going to the place where they actually make the razor blades one has been using for years, where the "Reading Book" used during the few years of schooling was printed, where the great game of cricket comes from, where one can work in the day and study at night for one's "papers," i.e., diplomas and certificates which will assure one not only a good job but certain status and prestige when one returns to the West Indies. Where, too, something mysterious, interesting, bettering, may at any minute happen.

One of the more educated Jamaicans who had settled in England explained his feelings to me. "After a while at home I realize that all I'm doing is drinking rum and trus'ing things (buying on credit)," he said. "I buy a car which I couldn't afford and I'm drinking rum and trus'ing all over the place. So I pull out and come to England."

This man knew that there was something wrong with the way in which he had been living in Jamaica. England was to him the *new world* in which he would seek a better life. When I first met him he seemed quite happy in England; he is even more so now that the influx of West Indians has given him the opportunity of making a good and honest living by catering to some of their needs.

THE PROBLEMS which arise out of West Indian immigration to Britain are not only problems associated with "color," and the problems which are of racial origin are not quite the same as those which would arise in the United States. There is no official, legal color bar in any part of Britain; there is, however, prejudice.

One survey states that one-third of the British population is unprejudiced, one-third mildly prejudiced, and one-third strongly so. This prejudice will, of course, take British forms which, while no less deplorable, are not likely to be as vigorous as United States forms. But while not vigorous, they are likely to be very puzzling to the immigrant who is completely ignorant of the English way of life. Thus the immigrant may be very pleased to find himself welcomed as an equal on the cricket field, or even idolized there, but he soon notices that he is never or seldom invited to an English home. He does not know, of course, that this may be due to prejudice but it may also be an extension of the trite but true "the Englishman's home is his castle." Only if he is very forbearing and sensitive will he notice that few members of the club ever visit each other's homes.

The situation is complicated by the traditional xenophobia of the British, and it is still more complicated by the fact that British men, on the whole, do not seem to compete so well with outsiders for the companionship of British women. There were in Britain in 1951 a "surplus" of two million women; in June 1955 the surplus was reduced to 1,663,000 by the return of soldiers. This surplus, added to the warmth and general exuberance of the West Indian, means that he is being quickly accepted by many of the women. This acceptance, of course, annoys the local males who need not have any racial prejudice at all in order to resent such successful competition by the outsider—whether an Italian P.W., an American G.I. or a West Indian.

In other words, West Indian immigration to Britain raises all the usual problems of culture conflict and of group relationships aggravated on the one hand by ignorance and prejudice along racial lines, but ameli-

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orated on the other by full employment and by the willingness and resolve of many groups and individuals to investigate the problems and to meet difficulties before they arise. Church groups have been active in this work, and the British Council of Churches has offered help to locate ministers of religion in its brochure, "Your Neighbour from the West Indies." Political groups have taken an interest and the *Fabian Society* has made available the Jamaican Government report on West Indian migration to Britain.

MANY PEOPLE ask, "Will these migrants settle in Britain or will they return to the West Indies?" This is a difficult one, but unless there is a major recession in Britain I can't imagine that a really significant number will return to the West Indies. There is one thing, though, that would bring more back to their home countries, and that is any major development in the West Indies which would provide jobs, social opportunities and the feeling on the part of the returning migrant that he could make a real contribution to the development of the West Indies.

There are now some 62,000 West Indians in Britain. Until recently, only a very few misfits, and people who went to Britain with false expectations, had returned to the West Indies. At the beginning of October 1956, however, more than a thousand migrants left England for their island homes. Most of these people, it is reported by Mr. Frank Pilgrim of the British Caribbean Welfare Service in Britain, were in no way malcontents or misfits. Most of them had used their time in Britain to become skilled workers and were returning home to certain employment or to set up businesses of their own. As Mr. Pilgrim said: "Before the stream of immigrants to Britain started many West Indians went to the United States where they found it was easy to work and study at the same time. Then they returned home. Now immigrants who have been in Britain for three or four years and who have been skilled or semi-skilled are returning home knowing they will have little trouble in finding jobs. Many of them, particularly those interested in mechanics, have obtained diplomas."

People who do not know the Caribbean fail to realize that it would be very hard for the migrant from Jamaica to find living conditions almost anywhere in Northern Europe more difficult than he has been accustomed to at home. Your middle- and upper-middle-class matron sometimes is heard to wonder how any one could exchange the wonderful climate of Jamaica for the traditionally dull, damp weather of England. But surely food, status, constant employment, the ability to buy a home, even at the North Pole, are better than insecurity, unemployment, frustration and sometimes hunger, in the paradise climate of Jamaica.

To many citizens of the United States the West Indian islands are glorious stretches of golden sands melting away in quite unbelievable shades of cobalt and aquamarine water. And so they are—but Jamaica is more likely to impress itself upon many of its inhabitants as a place where some forty thousand children of school age have no schools to attend, and where twenty per cent of the population of one and one-half million is unemployed. So unless Britain's full employment policy crashes, and unless the British West Indies, now to be federated, develops phenomenally overnight, Britain will be henceforth dotted with little groups of West Indians. They will be grateful to their new home for opportunities offered, but it is inevitable that they will look back with longing to the islands from which they came—islands so lovely but so impoverished that they cannot provide for their sons and daughters.

PROPOSITIONS SOUTH OF MONTAUP MOUNTAIN

A: There, all's silence,
music before sound
of music, at the same
center where silence is
sleep taking breath,
and we see ourselves
simplified by adoration;
all's light this side of light
as shells form pearls
silencing light,
as shells soften seas
for the ear,
memory for silence there
where light, silence, stir
imagination of each other,
the still provocative.

B: Birds sounding
palaces of the ear,
whose cellars keep
their disappearance rare
as wine, the vintage
of an immaculate year
aging, fade in this silence;
then we hear
their thin inverses there,
as listening to the sea
in the shell's memory
we hear the sound they share
together at the still
provocative center, where
angel and animal
have silences of light.

JOHN FANDEL.

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Post-Mortem on the Labor Vote

JOHN C. CORT

REMEMBER when the AFL and CIO merged into one big united labor movement of nearly 15,000,000 members? At that time, only a year ago, prophets of doom and gloom were predicting that labor, using "a gigantic political slush fund," would now take over the country? (Why is it that the other guy's money is always "a slush fund"?)

The election has come and gone, and labor is still waiting to take over. And the slush fund turns out to be about $300,000 less than the combined expenditures of the AFL and CIO back in 1952, when they were both just poor miserable little separate federations. What happened?

You can't say they didn't try to take over, "take over" being a harsh, unfriendly way of describing the oldest and most popular political philosophy known to man in general and union men in particular, namely Sam Gompers' "elect your friends and defeat your enemies." The CIO was supposed to have invented something new in their PAC (Political Action Committee), but though this raised the hackles on thousands of good, bad and indifferent citizens before it was through, it was really nothing but the old Gompers dictum souped-up, streamlined and drawn out to the logical conclusions.

Late last summer the executive council of the AFL-CIO, thanks to CIO votes, decided to recommend that the general board endorse Stevenson and Kefauver. The vote was 17 to 5. The general board is a body of 173 members which includes the executive council and either the president or another top officer of each international union affiliated with the AFL-CIO. Several weeks later the board met in Chicago and voted almost unanimously to accept the Stevenson recommendation. "Only five or six 'no' votes were heard," according to reporters present, a remarkably small number in the light of the division higher up. Of the twelve members who took the floor, eleven were for the endorsement and one, a carpenter named Stevenson, was opposed to it.

The Taft-Hartley Act makes it a federal offense for a union to contribute money to any candidate for federal office unless that money comes from voluntary contributions. This year the unions just didn't get as many contributions as, separately, the AFL and CIO picked up in 1952. About $900,000 was spent on both local and national campaigns, as contrasted with $1,200,000 in 1952. Maybe that was as good a poll as any to show how the thing was going to come out.

Another thing: the spectacle of unity at the top was impressive, but highly misleading. In politics, as everyone knows, most of the work is done down at the state, city and ward level. And down there the spectacle of unity was less impressive. In fact, in most cases it just didn't exist.

ACCORDING to the AFL-CIO constitution, the central bodies of both organizations (local federations of unions organized on a state and city basis) do not have to merge before December 5, 1957, two years from the date of the original merger. If they are not voluntarily merged by then, headquarters will step in and conduct a shotgun marriage.

Up to the present day there have been only nineteen mergers of AFL and CIO on a state level. In order of their appearance: Arkansas, Missouri, Louisiana, Tennessee, Arizona, Montana, Vermont, Colorado, Virginia, Wyoming, Oregon, Iowa, South Dakota, Utah, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Mexico, Alabama, and Maine. As you can see they are mostly in the South and West, and with very few exceptions they are non-industrial states in which union membership is small. In the rest of the states the local labor moguls are still eying their little empires and wondering who is going to be emperor in the new and bigger empire which is yet to be born. And who can blame them? You and I would probably behave in substantially the same way were we in their shoes. Same thing on a city level.

At any rate this lack of unity did not make for effective political action, because it is in precisely these bodies that most of labor's political work takes place. The average local union is too poor, too busy, and too concerned about offending its minority of Republicans to spend any time, much less money, on telling its members for whom they should vote, and why.

But the city Labor Council, or the State Federation, is the natural arena for these occupations, and it usually has enough money in its treasury to do something for local (not federal) candidates and maybe run a drive on registration or getting-out-the-vote.

So there was no great improvement in labor's political effectiveness. And let's face it: many of the workers liked Ike. Most of them were at least as well

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off as they were in '52 and some of them weren't worrying, not as much anyway, about their sons' being killed in war. Under such circumstances they felt they could suppress the old feeling that the Democrats are more sympathetic to the lot of the workingman and indulge the new feeling that Ike is a man's man and Stevenson is too smart for his own good.

Ed Morgan, AFL-CIO radio commentator, put it about as well as anybody could in dealing with the critics of Stevenson as a campaigner: "In the clarity of hindsight, considering the President's towering popularity and the way it was balanced on the mood of the country, which can only be described as a curious mixture of enraptured contentment and enveloping anxiety, it is difficult to see how Superman himself running a flawless campaign could have dented the Eisenhower hold on the electorate."

MATTERS could have been a great deal worse, though. In fact, there is a good deal of evidence to show that, without Eisenhower, labor and the Democrats would have swept to a crashing victory on all fronts. Well, almost all fronts—in the South the Democrats usually win and labor loses.

There was, of course, the matter of holding the Senate and increasing the majority in the House. But Congress is still a strictly Dixie-GOP proposition. More encouraging was the progress that was made in a number of state legislatures. Consider only five Western states and note also that these were among the 19 states in which the AFL and CIO had merged.

In Colorado labor not only helped to elect a new Democratic Senator, but to win control for the Democrats of both houses of the state legislature. In Minnesota, where voting is non-partisan, the liberal caucus picked up four seats in the house and now enjoys a 70 to 61 majority. In Missouri Democrats gained two senate seats for a 21-13 majority. In Wyoming they picked up three seats in the senate and one in the house, though they still trail in both. In Oregon the labor-supported Democrats turned an overwhelming 24-6 majority for the Republicans into a 15-15 tie and captured 14 house seats to take control by 39 to 21. They also elected a governor and re-elected Senator Morse. And in all these, except Missouri, this was done in the face of whopping Eisenhower majorities.

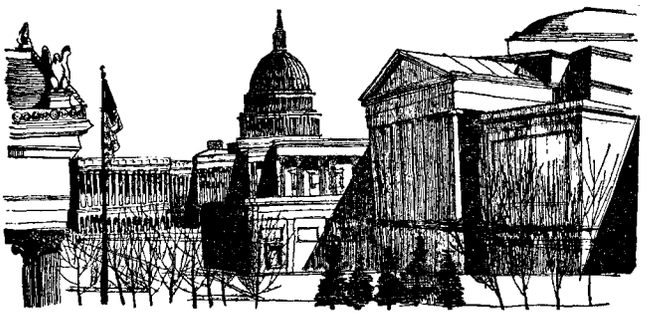
By contrast, consider Pennsylvania and Michigan, both states of great industrial population and large electoral votes. Both have large and powerful labor movements. In Pennsylvania a strong chapter of the ADA (Americans for Democratic Action) in Philadelphia, capitalizing on attractive leaders and a corrupt GOP, has begun to change the whole complexion of Pennsylvania politics. Several years ago an able young Democrat, George Leader, was elected Governor. This year an ADA member, Joseph S. Clark, Jr., defeated the strong Eisenhower-backed incumbent Senator Duff. And yet, despite all this, the GOP picked up 30 seats in the house and took control 127 to 83. Why? I can't help thinking that a labor movement split between AFL, CIO and United Mine Workers had something to do with it.

Incidentally, John L. Lewis and his miners decided—who am I kidding?—John L. decided that the UMW would support neither Eisenhower nor Stevenson for President. Smart? The Republican candidate for U.S. Senate, a reactionary named Revercomb, beat the Lewis-backed candidate in West Virginia, which is unheard of, and *two* Republicans did likewise in Kentucky, which is impossible. Both are coal-mining states with large helpings of UMW members. So maybe the AFL-CIO executive council wasn't so dumb in endorsing Stevenson after all.

To get back to Michigan. In this growing industrial state the United Auto Workers, under the lively Mr. Walter Reuther, are perhaps the single most powerful and effective force in the Democratic Party. Effective enough to elect Soapy Williams again, this time to his fifth term as governor, and to re-elect the other Democratic state-wide officers for the first such repeat in history. They also helped elect some liberal state supreme court judges. And still the Republicans picked up one senate seat and two house seats and now control these two bodies, 24 to 10 and 61 to 49. Two answers: James Hoffa, mighty Michigan Teamster boss, backed the Republicans; AFL and CIO were not united.

But ponder those figures for a moment. The Democrats elect a governor five times running and re-elect all state-wide officers. And the Republicans come up with a state senate which they control 24 to 10.

And it happens all over the country. Peculiar? Fishy? Not at all. The Republicans set up the voting districts and they just arranged it so that the vote of the citizen in the rural districts (Republican) is worth several times as much as the vote of the citizen in the urban district (Democratic). It's what is known as Ye Olde Gerrymander. And there's nothing at all you can do about it until the Democrats win control of the legislature in a year when redistricting is on the agenda.



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THE RELIGIOUS REVIVAL

WHAT HAS been called the "revival of religion" in American life has been doubted, denounced and acclaimed. But there is something there, and it does not lend itself to easy analysis. It is neither as shallow as some would have it, nor yet as meaningful as others hail it. It is a complex phenomenon. Anyone who starts to discuss it has to fence in his remarks with *if's, and's* and *but's*.

The "revival" is a postwar development, along with the suburbanization of the younger generation and the triumph of the Gray Flannel Suit. At least in its origins it is not too far separated from other elements that have revolutionized American life in the Nineteen Fifties. It is a manifestation of the changes brought about by widespread prosperity, renewed respect for stable values and what has been called the conservative spirit. It is no denigration of the "revival" to say that it has made religion respectable, even fashionable. The apostles of the "revival" are best-selling authors and television personalities hailed by millions. The critics of the revival are voices crying out in the wilderness.

The religious leaders of the pre-war generation were a motley assortment of radicals, non-conformists and social apostles. They had their followers but not enough to account for a national trend. These pre-war leaders were neither soothing nor popular in the Trendex sense. They echoed the hard sayings of the New Testament. They put tremendous emphasis on that miracle which goes under the head of the poor having the Gospel preached to them. In those pre-war days young Catholics, for instance, read Bloy, Mauriac and listened to Dorothy Day. The more intense among them opened houses of hospitality in the slums and in the Negro ghettos. College students marched in picket lines and young priests talked lyrically about St. Francis kissing the leper.

The intense young Catholics of today hold their meetings not in slum buildings but in ranch-type suburban homes. The emphasis has shifted from the workers apostolate to the family movement. Great discussions used to be held over coffee or beer in the skid-row restaurant, with the zealous curate finding his pressed suit an embarrassment. But in the long run, the discussions around a fireplace in a split-level home, with the curate looking like a man who belongs there, may actually be as meaningful. The good talk in the suburbs may still be about Simone Weil or Père de Foucauld but the accents are at least faintly those of Norman Vincent Peale. Dorothy Day, who remains in the slums, thank God, and has earned the respect of some former critics, still gets a hearing. But clearly a new day has dawned. The sun now rises over Larchmont, not Mott Street. The new generation of Catholics was not born on farming communes, as Peter Maurin hoped they would be, but in the overcrowded maternity hospitals of a thousand suburbs. And here is where the Church's future lies. The Catholic college student who marched in picket lines during the early days of the CIO, whether he knew it or not, was helping to build Park Forest and Levittown.

In the suburbs the big thing is to "belong." One way to belong is to go to church or synagogue and Take an Interest. No one would have predicted thirty years ago that after a terrible war and the threat of another, one's church membership card would count for as much as belonging to one of the better golf clubs. But that is the way things have turned out. In the concentration camps of Europe we got a little glimpse of hell. A shrewd guesser might have said that this would lead to a renewal of religious faith. But who would have predicted Norman Vincent Peale and his Jewish and Catholic counterparts? One would have thought that the postwar world would belong to the gloomy prophets who predicted the monsters of the Totalitarian Age. But no, the best sellers are concerned with Positive Living, Peace of Mind and Soul, and the Art of Being Happy. The gloomy prophets have their own place of course (there is room for everybody in the era of the Nice Guy); their books are used as door prizes and are discussed at literary teas.

The problem of the "revival" is one of taking advantage of a mood to enlist people in a cause which, if successful, will then destroy the mood. People today do not join the churches because they are looking for hard sayings. They join because they are conformists who want to live by easy sayings. The church buildings blend into the suburban development much more unobtrusively than ever they did into the slum neighborhood.

The new mood, the desire to "belong" and to try out the old values in their new form, has brought people to join churches—and to buy tons of Girl Scout cookies for that matter. But the very forces that pull toward religion are the forces the churches will inevitably come in combat with, if the churches fulfill their prophetic mission.

You can't have even a half-souled revival without some people becoming revived. Prophets will yet appear in the suburbs. Hard sayings will yet ring out over the green fields of Westchester County. When they do, we will be able to speak more knowledgeably about what the much-discussed revival of religion actually amounts to.

JOHN COGLEY.

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THE STAGE

MUSICAL NOTES

MR. AL CAPP'S Dogpatch fantasies of innocence and experience have not been translated into the Broadway idiom without pain: "Li'l Abner" (*at the St. James*) has diminished in his passage from page to stage. In the absolute world of Mr. Capp's dark backward, Daisy Mae, that forever unravished bride and her fair youth have the authority of folk myth, the myth of a self-conscious age, to be sure, and perhaps a poor thing, but one's own. In tangible person, they disappoint, however blonde and *déshabillé* Miss Edith Adams, however inarticulately muscular Mr. Peter Palmer; imagination is, after all, angelic and the flesh too, too solid. Yet with more wit, the composer and librettist of "Li'l Abner" might artfully have suggested the ambience of this bizarre menagerie: they have settled for athletic frenzy and sentimental pallor. A hymn of celebration to the unadjusted hero of Dogpatch, Jubilation T. Cornpone, and a mad ditty in which four scientists sport with glee over pushbutton prospects distinguish the pleasures of this efficient but routine theater musical.

MISS JUDY Holliday distills, out of her ferociously nasal personality, a gritty little comic poetry of urban endurance which is touching and exact. In "Bells Are Ringing" (*at the Shubert*), the usually spirited Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Green have fashioned for her a musical fable all hard brass on the surface, but runny and deliquescent at the center. Miss Holliday is the operator of a telephone answering service, whose good will complicates distressingly the lives of her clients, etc., etc.—it would be tedious to detail the fatigued banality of this much overpraised event, which relentlessly dissipates the charm of its initial situation. Mr. Sydney Chaplin and Miss Holliday do all things pleasingly, and somehow survive the insupportable fatuity of their romance. It would be gratifying, however, to see a return of singers, not *diseurs,* to musical comedy. Powered vocalism might conceal the drably platitudinous quality of music in "Li'l Abner" and "Bells Are Ringing," but as it is, the songs stand in featureless profile. How parasitic the musical stage has become, too! In both of these specimens, any reasonably discerning person will recognize numbers which blatantly take their impulse from recent successes in the musical theater.

MR. ERIC Bentley's production of Bertolt Brecht's "The Good Woman of Setzuan," about which I shall write shortly, is now playing at the Phoenix Theatre. This first professional staging in New York of the celebrated German dramatist is not without flaw, nor the play invulnerable, but no one sensitive to audacity, provocation and authentic dramatic sensibility in the contemporary theater will willingly neglect it.

RICHARD HAYES.

LADY OF THE GENESEE

(For the Trappist Abbey of Our Lady of the Genesee, Piffard, N. Y.)

The moated hills monastically close in
This gracious valley of her smile
Who planted here of her own patrimony
Long tents of peace along one quiet
Miraculous mile.

Where light hooves rang along the Genesee
Hot to the hunt, the hounds racing the wind,
Toward a new quarry fleeter riders run
Vaulting the thickets of midnight
With the flash of an antiphon.

The feathered-in-white-wool monks, the falcon-hooded,
Unjessed from Love's light wrist arrow to sky,
Then gyre into the fiery cloud
Of darkness, held and caught
By the prey they sought.

Before the face discovered in these faces
The mountains bow their heads—
All the ineluctable glories
Of Sion and Carmel
Lie crushed in these sheds.

Whosoever shall come into this valley—
Silence will take him like a sea
In which his ruins drown,
Till the clean spirit rises luminously
As the great gull rushes down.

Tumult of town and porcelain laughter of city
Reach to this valley for their quieting
Where peace unfolds like psalms in the still night,
As the sweet chant unravels
And the young monks sing.

For these new tents of prayer stretched in the sun
Of the Empire State whose tilted hills enclose
Bright Bernard's progeny—
Above La Ferté, Rievaulx, Melleray,
Be loved, Lady, for the Genesee.

SISTER M. THERESE.

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FIFTEEN-YEAR JOURNEY

The World in Thurber's Fables

GERALD WEALES

JAMES THURBER'S fifteen-year journey from *Fables for Our Time* (1940) to *Further Fables for Our Time** has taken him, as it has taken all of us, through a world war, immediate postwar period of hope for peace that has begun to go a little sour in our mouths, the years of the McCarthy ascendancy when fear and distrust were served up with our breakfast coffee, into the present moment when social conformity has become such a force that even the anti-conformists appear to be conforming. Thurber's own steps through these times have been further darkened by the gradual loss of his sight. The new fables are quite plainly marked with the national and personal uneasiness that these years represent. They are harsher and more bitter than the early fables without succumbing to a facile or fashionable despair; they are richer, wiser, more serious, and, by comparison, the early fables now seem flip and a little smart alecky.

It is difficult to put a precise finger on the change that has come over the fables, since it is the impact of the new collection as a whole that engenders the sense of sorrowful solidity. A comparison of representative fables, however, may at least suggest what has happened. Compare, for instance, an earlier fable, "The Little Girl and the Wolf" with "The Truth About Toads." Both of these fables hinge on violence and destruction, as do so many of the fables in both collections, but in the tale of the toad there is death with a difference. "The Little Girl and the Wolf" is a variation on the Red Riding Hood story, and ends, "So the little girl took an automatic out of her basket and shot the wolf dead." The moral is, "It is not so easy to fool little girls nowadays as it used to be." The intention is plainly comic; the effect is made by the abruptness of the last line. In "The Truth About Toads" Thurber is much more serious. In fact, nothing in the new collection has the playfulness of a fable like "The Little Girl and the Wolf." His toad is one of a group of braggart animals having drinks at the Fauna Club. The Toad, who insists that he has a jewel in his head, is the most vociferous of all, and when he drops into a sleep, induced by too many green mint frappés, the other members of the club decide to investigate. "They summoned the Woodpecker from the back room and explained what was up. 'If he hasn't got a hole in his head, I'll make one,' said the Woodpecker." Had the fable ended here its tone would have been much like the earlier one, for the words of the Woodpecker are as sharp and sudden and as callous as the little girl drawing her automatic. But Thurber goes on, echoing the words of the Toad's bragging, "There wasn't anything there, gleaming or lovely or precious." The moral is harsh and a little hurt: "Open most heads and you will find nothing shining, not even a mind."

This new bitterness, which might more accurately be called a new kind of strength or a new order of wisdom or, even, a new depth of beauty, is apparent throughout the *Further Fables*. In the story of the bat who wanted to live among people but who, after having been exposed to a popular evangelist, went resignedly back to his cave, the new element is present not only in the story and its moral, but in Thurber's description of the "best-selling Inspirationalist . . . dragging God down to the people's level." It is there in the last words of his tale of the gloomy bluebird who developed agoraphobia and went to live underground: "the bewildered dog . . . dug him up one day while burying a bone, and then hastily buried him again, without ceremony or sorrow." It pervades "The Clothes Moth and the Luna Moth," which is in many ways the loveliest and saddest of the new fables. It is in the words of the jaguar over the grave of William, the vain cat who lost his memory: "What's the good of putting up a stone reading 'Here lies Nobody from Nowhere'?" It is wisely, if shudderingly, there in the words of the little girl, whose godfather has offered her anything she wants: "I want to break your glasses and spit on your shoes." It is in the credo of the red squirrel in "The Turtle Who Conquered Time": "The truth is not merry and bright. The truth is cold and dark. Let's face it."

THE SOMBER streaks that run with the laughter in the new fables are not completely new to Thurber, not a sudden reversal or discovery, not the unveiling of a new man. Thurber said in an interview with Alistair Cooke on *Omnibus* (printed in *The At-*

*FURTHER FABLES FOR OUR TIME. By James Thurber. Simon and Schuster. $3.50.

Mr. Weales is the author of *Miss Grimsbee Is A Witch*, a children's book to be published this spring by Atlantic-Little Brown.

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lantic, August, 1956), "It's very hard to divorce humor from other things in life. Humor is the other side of tragedy. Humor is a serious thing." Humor has always been serious for Thurber. Back in 1929, E. B. White wrote a mock serious explanation of Thurber's drawing, which appeared at the end of their *Is Sex Necessary?* Although White's note kids the pretentiousness of critical over-elaboration, just as the book kids the terrible solemnity of all sex books, his remarks cannot escape being touched with truth. "When one studies the drawings," White writes, "it soon becomes apparent that a strong undercurrent of grief runs through them." The music of the line is not quite right, too portentous to be White seriously on Thurber, and yet the words are true. Art critics, particularly in Europe, have accepted this view of Thurber's drawings, although the artist himself insists (in the *Omnibus* appearance; in an interview with George Plimpton and Max Steele in the *Paris Review,* Fall, 1955) that his drawings were (until his failing sight made them impossible) the relaxation from his serious work of writing. Certainly Thurber has given testimony to the dark note that runs through humor, as long ago as the funny and moving "A Note at the End" which brought to a close *My Life and Hard Times* (1933). Stories like "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" and the more grueling "Whippoorwill," in which he admits an element of anger, a reaction to a series of eye operations that plagued him at the time of writing, had already sounded the frustration and terror that peek occasionally out of the new fables. Enough—too much in fact—has already been written about Thurber and the battle of the sexes, but all that has been written—the elaboration, the interpretation, the psychologizing—has served only to repeat that, like all really good funny men, Thurber is finally deadly serious.

Thurber's relationship to politics has never been an overt one, yet a political climate informs all his later work, either directly or by implication. The early fables contained a few stories—"The Birds and the Foxes" and "The Rabbits Who Caused All the Trouble"—which were direct attacks on the indifference with which the democratic nations faced the spreading power of the Nazis. These old fables sound just as topical today, although at the moment the foxes and the wolves (in the one about the rabbits) will sound more like the Russians than the Germans, for it is any dealers in oppression who mask their ruthlessness in fine phrases that are the target of Thurber's anger. The new collection has the fable of "The Bears and the Monkeys" with its moral, "It is better to have the ring of freedom in your ears than in your nose," to say again what must continually be said about deception and oppression and freedom.

Although it is good that Thurber should speak out against darkness across the world, it is more proper that he should be concerned with freedom at home. The humorist, after all, finds his material all around him; the laughter that he sets up is more likely to prepare the ground for a minute mental change at hand than it is to pierce some iron curtain or other. Some of the *Further Fables* have turned again to the dangers of easy accusation and vilification that Thurber had already touched on in 1940, and which, except in comments outside his ordinary literary output, he avoided, almost ran from since then. In the early fables there is one of "The Very Proper Gander," the bird who was driven out of the country when an old hen heard the words *proper gander* as *propaganda* and started a chain reaction of unlikely memory of evil among the gander's neighbors. The moral of the story, "Anybody who you or your wife thinks is going to overthrow the government by violence must be driven out of the country," is probably the harshest in the early book, the nearest to the tone of the later one. At about the same time, Thurber, with Elliott Nugent, was considering the same problem in quite a different form in *The Male Animal,* in which Tommy Turner decides to read to his English class Vanzetti's farewell letter, over the protests of the most unthinking of the alumni. In *Further Fables,* Thurber has come back to the same theme, strengthened by the outcries of the early fifties, which at the time seriously affected his work.

UNTIL THE new volume appeared, however, Thurber's war and post-war work had been admittedly a kind of escape from a world that was becoming increasingly difficult to face. The escape took two paths, one into the fantasy of children's books, the other into memory. The escapes were as profitable to readers as they were to Thurber, who has come back strangely strong, for without them we would not have had *The Thirteen Clocks* and *The Thurber Album.* Thurber turned first to children's books in 1943 with *Many Moons* and then passed through *The Great Quillow* and *The White Deer* to *The Thirteen Clocks,* which is, by any standard, one of the best books that he has ever written. Still, it is significant that Thurber should feel the need to say in the Foreword to that book that it is the result of "escapism and self-indulgence" and to add, "Unless modern Man wanders down these byways occasionally, I do not see how he can hope to preserve his sanity." *The Thurber Album*, the collection of profiles of relatives and friends from an earlier and seemingly solider Ohio, was also a "kind of an escape," as he said in the *Paris Review* interview, adding, "It's hard to write humor in the mental weather we've had, and that's likely to take you into reminiscence." He said, in the same interview, that he had done very little work in the period between 1950 and

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1953 and that what he had done had been outside the stream of his usual work.

Thurber was awarded the Ohioana Sesquicentennial medal by the Library Association of that state for *The Thurber Album*, and in his speech of reply (printed in *The Library Journal*, February 15, 1954) he touched on the fears that were plaguing him; he lamented, as he did again in the *Omnibus* interview, the passing of the kind of political satire that the early Mencken and Peter Finley Dunne represented. This kind of comedy, he said, "sickens in the weather of intimidation and suppression, and such a sickness could infect a whole nation." But he went beyond the lament. He spoke out for vigorous and living humor. "A woman practitioner of humor announced a few years ago, in an hour of despair, that humor is a shield and not a weapon. Well, the world has plenty of weapons and it can use a few shields." He went on to say that, "The devoted writer of humor will continue to try to come as close to truth as he can, even if he gets burned in the process." Thurber's return to that brush with truth in the *Further Fables* is not only apparent in particular fables such as "The Peacelike Mongoose," a variation of the "The Very Proper Gander," and "The Trial of the Old Watchdog" who suffers "Guilt by exoneration" but in the dedication of the book to Elmer Davis, a man who shares not only Thurber's concern with truth and justice, but also his Midwestern background of bluntness.

TO UNDERLINE the political touches in the fables is to give too great an emphasis to one small effect that they carry. It is, after all, the book as a whole that makes an impression on the heart and the mind. Even to insist on the somber colors with which Thurber paints these new fables is to do them a disservice. They are sad as well as funny, it is true, but they do not truckle to despair. For one thing they are full of a rich and delightful verbal play, an avalanche of puns and rhymes and word inventions. As Malcolm Cowley points out in *The Reporter* (December 13, 1956) the loss of Thurber's vision has increased his sound effects. The seeds of the increase have always been with him. His love of words, and playing with words, are apparent in earlier pieces, such as the description of that real or mythical maid Della in *My World and Welcome To It,* who came to announce, "They are here with the reeves." The verbal experiments had already begun to sing triumphantly in *The Thirteen Clocks.*

But the strength of *Further Fables* lies in more than a balance of word music against a harsh and sometimes angry view of the world, seen through darkness darkly. It lies in a kind of faith that pervades the whole work, even at its saddest. The opening fable, "The Sea and the Shore," finds some amorphous water creatures crawling toward the undergrowth on land, life in its beginnings; the last fable, "The Shore and the Sea," finds the lemmings, panicked by misunderstanding, in a headlong race to destruction. These two fables would seem to round out not only Thurber's book, but the story of man, to hint at hopelessness. The moral, "All men should strive to learn before they die what they are running from, and to, and why," however, contains the possibility of finding out, or at least the desirability of finding out. The scholarly lemming in the fable, the one who does not run, "shook his head sorrowfully, tore up what he had written through the years about his species, and started his studies all over again." But he did start again. The moral of "The Turtle Who Conquered Time" asks sadly, "Oh, why should the shattermyth have to be a crumplehope and a dampenglee?" There is some quality in these fables, and Thurber knows it because he put it there, that insists that the shattermyth can be something quite different from a crumplehope.

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The Impact of Religion and the Modern World

NEW LIVES FOR OLD. MANUS, 1928-53. By Margaret Mead. Morrow & Co. $6.75

By CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

THIS IS a study of the conversion of a small backward people in the Admiralty Isles, from their primitive culture and religion to the modern democratic way of life: a change brought about by the shock of war when Manus suddenly became the center of world events and saw the passage of mighty armies arrayed in all the panoply of modern mechanized warfare. And these events were followed by the action of an individual reformer or religious leader, who succeeded in convincing his people of the need and possibility of change.

By a most fortunate coincidence this small people, numbering not more than 4,500 all told, had been studied in detail by Margaret Mead nearly thirty years ago in its primitive state, and now she has returned to describe the change. It is perhaps less fortunate that her own sympathies are so deeply concerned in this issue, for she sees the history of Manus as a case history illustrating the new theory of cultural relations that she expounds in the first and last chapters of the book. I say less fortunate because strong convictions of this kind, however justifiable in themselves, are apt to detract from the scientific and historical value of the study by spotlighting those aspects of the process of change which bear out the author's views. She sees the Manus islanders' effort to assimilate the culture of the modern world in the light of the American experience of the assimilation of European immigrants to the American Way of Life. But the parallel is not really an exact one—it is really far more similar to the case of the assimilation of the American Indian, which is a very different story. Indeed the history of the Indians' resistance to, or acceptance of, the White Man's civilization is totally different from that of the European emigrant's reactions to his new American environment. In some respects the Manus case does present real parallels to that of the Indians: for example the strange "Cargo Cult" which has been one of the most extraordinary manifestations of the clash of cultures in Melanesia, and which has such a striking resemblance to the Messianic movements which ran like wildfire through the Western Indian tribes in the later nineteenth century.

This, however, is not the aspect of Melanesian culture which interests Miss Mead in the present volume. She is concerned almost entirely with the Paliau Movement, "the New Way of Thinking" which has completely destroyed the old way of life and has attempted to create a modern society on Western lines. The story is an interesting one in itself and her account gains enormously from the fact that she had known the people intimately as it was before the change came. Nevertheless this is not the whole story, for in the interval between her two visits another great revolution had taken place of which she can tell us only at second hand. For soon after 1928 the whole Manus people became Catholics, and cast aside the pagan beliefs and practises on which their old culture had been founded. Thus "the New Way of Thinking" is not the first revolution which the people of Manus has experienced, and it may even be that the first—the purely religious change—was the more important of the two. It is obvious that the Catholic reader will see all this in a somewhat different light from that of the author. For the fact is that the Manus are a people of ex-Catholics. They have not altogether rejected Christianity, but they have separated themselves from the Church. Paliau is a reformer or heresiarch, who has produced his own version of Christianity, and has led his people away from their new-found faith into a new sect which, while it stresses the need for participation in Western culture, separates them both from the old pagan world and the new universal Christian Church.

Apart from the personal influence of the leader which must not be discounted, the main agent in the change, as Margaret Mead shows, was the coming of the American army. For the GI types who overran the islands in their hundreds of thousands with their huge machines, their wonderful equipment and their unlimited money, naturally made a very different impression on the islanders than the half-dozen missionaries of Sacred Heart of Issoudun, who were not much richer or more mechanized than the people among whom they worked. It was a revelation of undreamed of wealth and power to a people which had lived a hand-to-mouth existence for centuries in little village and family groups. And for a few years or months they shared in this wonderful new world. Now the great armies have gone away, taking their wealth with them, and have left the people dissatisfied and frustrated, dreaming of a power and wealth that they can never possess. The Manus feel that they had been fobbed off with a cheap and inferior version of Western civilization—that the white man had been keeping all this wealth and machinery and science for his own use and giving them what was out-of-date and no longer required.

But though Margaret Mead gives us an admirable picture of the background against which the Paliau movement has emerged, her description of the movement itself and its relation to the previous Catholic period is less clear. It is difficult to gather how far the new movement is an organized religious sect with Paliau as its prophet, and what are its distinctive beliefs.

But these are small points as compared with Miss Mead's main thesis which, as she points out again and again, is of vital relevance to the problems of our time. For her book represents a change

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of faith: a recantation of the theory of culture which she had acquired from the older generation of American anthropologists, and the affirmation of a new faith in the universal values of the American Way of Life. The older anthropologists, like Franz Boas and Ruth Benedict, were cultural relativists who believed that every culture, even the most primitive, had a right to exist, and regarded "ethnocentrism" as the supreme heresy. Today Miss Mead has come to believe that the function of anthropology is not to defend the existence of backward cultures, but rather to show how they can be brought most swiftly and completely into the full stream of modern life, and she is so far from condemning ethnocentrism that she declares that "American civilization is not simply the last fruit to bloom on the outmoded tree of European history doomed to perish in a common totalitarian holocaust but something new and different" and that the precious qualities of this new civilization must be transmitted as quickly and fully as possible to all the backward peoples of the Old World.

But even if we agree with Miss Mead's faith in the American Way of Life as the best of all possible ways in the best of all possible cultures, it is possible to doubt its immediate applicability to all ways of life in all cultures. There is surely something to be said for the view of the older anthropologists that a way of life which has been slowly and painfully evolved by a particular people to meet the needs of its particular environment has a value and significance for that people which nothing else can supply, and if such a people is suddenly and completely transformed by their translation into an entirely different cultural world, they stand to lose more than they gain.

On the other hand the alternative of protecting the culture of the simpler peoples from violent disruption while introducing them gradually into a wider moral and spiritual community has much to commend it. For it preserves the true essence of cultural nationalism, which is the instinctive loyalty that every people feels for its traditional cultural values, while subordinating it to the universal moral values which are the essence of a higher civilization. The instantaneous switch-over from the total isolation of primitive barbarism to total integration in the modern technological world society imposes an unbearable strain alike on human nature and on the economy of a simple society. There must be an intermediate stage of education and acclimatization, and this stage is provided by the Christian missions better than by the nationalistic movements which promise too much and give too little.

And this is also true of the New Life Movement of Manus which Miss Mead has described. It has staked its entire social capital on a particular adjustment to a unique situation, and if the experiment fails or the situation changes, the Manus people may be left stranded in a cultural backwater which isolates them from their own past as well as from the new currents of change which must ultimately transform the oceanic world.

The Form of Art

ESSAYS IN LITERARY CRITICISM. By George Santayana. Edited by Irving Singer. Scribners. $7.50.

By ANTHONY BAILEY

ON THE whole, America has not taken kindly to its philosophers. They have been prophets very much without honor, even though every American may consider himself a prophet. It is Henry James, the cosmopolite, whom we remember, and not William James, the native son. They hardly seem brothers. So with Santayana: it is hard to separate his words from the image we have acquired of him—The Old Philosopher in Rome, as Wallace Stevens put it, 'On the threshold of heaven. . . . Yet living in two worlds, impenitent as to one, and, as to one, most penitent.' How can he be relevant? Moreover, he seems to come to us with a musty, Victorian tang, as if he had been a contemporary of Matthew Arnold or Burckhardt. Even the name rings strange. Santayana's

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By YVES M. J. CONGAR, O.P.

Translated by Donald Attwater

Foreword by the Most Rev. Robert J. Dwyer, Bishop of Reno

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single novel, *The Last Puritan* (1936), has the leisurely pace and *longueurs* we might expect in a work written seventy years before.

Yet, however justified many of these overtones, and however appropriate the comparison with Arnold may be, Santayana wrote with a sanity which is timeless and a self-mistrust which is peculiar to the twentieth century. The narrator of *The Last Puritan* says on one occasion: 'You and I have an immense advantage in belonging to the Catholic tradition. We were born clear, and didn't have to achieve clearness. But the light of common day to which we are accustomed may blind us to what is going on in the dark, and the roots of everything are underground. We may be easily dupes of the blue sky and but foolish daylight astronomers.' If he was duped, such self-awareness stood him in good stead and places him in good company, not least of Socrates. He was clear because of his Catholic feelings, and he was not often deceived because of the continuing dialogue which went on between those feelings and what his unceasing curiosity thought to be true. His was a perennial struggle between religion and science, Catholicism and Naturalism. As he says of Dickens in this book, 'Religion lay on him like the weight of the atmosphere, sixteen pounds to the square inch.' At the same time, as he wrote of himself, 'I was never afraid of disillusion, and I have chosen it.' His disillusion is informed by courage, and his scepticism by a profound sense of the beauties and the power of religion. He is always sane; and, if there is a complaint, it is that his sanity prevented him from ever being wholehearted. 'Scepticism is always possible while it is partial. It will remain the privilege of the free mind that has elasticity enough to disintegrate its own formations,' he wrote in *The Life of Reason*. Not that one feels he is holding back, or keeping doubts in reserve. The great value of his writing lies in that the dialogue was always going on; that he held opposing ideas in his mind at one and the same time. The struggle makes for candor, and also for a certain

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sadness. Tragedy is 'the conflict between inspiration and truth.' Again, 'facts, however serious inwardly, are always absurd outwardly, and the just critic of life sees both truths at once, as Cervantes did in *Don Quixote.*' Mr. Singer, in his introduction, remarks that Santayana's work has the same tragic cast as Existentialism. Certainly his is a disillusioned philosophy, if only, as he himself said of Shakespeare, it sticks fast in the facts of life. On the other hand, he might well have echoed Nietzsche, 'Art and nothing but Art—we have Art in order not to die of the truth.' Because of this underlying sadness, and because of the considered, matchless manner in which they are written, each of the major essays here has about it a quality of epitaph.

Critics of literature are blessed with different tools, or sets of prejudices, but few have been so well equipped for dealing with subjects so diverse as Lucretius, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Dickens. Few, in fact, have written so well. Although, in *The Last Puritan,* Caleb Wetherbee can scoff: 'America is the greatest of opportunities and the worst of influences,' America did no harm to Santayana's prose. Nor did he catch from Pater, whom he admired, any of the latter's extreme subjectivism. He has neither a tedious pedantry nor a woolly cockiness. It is a style full of grace, not wanting in bright phrases or pungent comments. With few exceptions, no other modern critic is so illuminatingly quotable: in an essay on Literary Psychology —'the whole of British and German philosophy is only literature'; on Dickens—'there was more piety in being human than in being pious'; on Proust—a 'tireless husbandman of memory, gathering perhaps more poppies than corn'; and Emerson—'His sun, like that of Heraclitus, was different every morning.' In the essay on Goethe, one of the 'Three Philosophical Poets,' there is an excellent diagnosis of the *Romantic;* a good philosopher, he defines his terms; we know what we are to understand by his use of 'Platonic,' 'Romantic,' etc. And, as might be expected, from his literary criticism one's notions as to his own philosophic ideas are reinforced and extended. He writes, for instance, that Proust is a 'witness to the fact that life as it flows is so much time wasted, and that nothing can ever be recovered or truly possessed save under the form of eternity which is also, as he tells us, the form of art.'

For Santayana, the world was a perpetual caricature of itself. He admires Dickens as someone aware of that, and accordingly disagrees with many of the novelist's critics. "When people say that Dickens exaggerates, it seems to me they can have no eyes and no ears. They probably have only *notions* of what things and people are; they accept them conventionally, at their diplomatic value." It is through contrast, conflict, and the intensification of emotion that man's highest feelings are expressed. Santayana could see no fundamental difference between religion and poetry: 'Both seem to consist in what the imagination adds to science, to history, and to morals.' And morals are not groundless for want of a Divine sponsor. In an essay on the Homeric Hymns he recounts how the gods sometimes appear. 'A god is a conceived victory of mind over Nature. A visible god is the consciousness of such a victory momentarily attained. The vision soon vanishes . . . but the momentary illusion of that realized good has left us with the perennial knowledge of good as an ideal.'

The writer is a chameleon; the Philosopher less so. Santayana had the humility in the face of literature of one who had himself practiced that craft, as well as the insights and dignity of the lucid, individual mind. If, in the later years in Rome, he seemed to become world-weary and detached, it was perhaps only the writer taking on a protective camouflage. He continues to speak to the privileged sceptic in all of us.

REVIEWERS

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